

Boy and Girl

by Aquiel1

Category: Water Rats

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-30 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-30 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 15:50:19

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 824

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

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Disclaimer: Nothing belongs to me, it all belongs to Hal.

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Author's Notes: To Erin, cause she's sending me Frank's Story!!!  
(Danke!)

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The phone rang almost immediately upon opening her door. For a moment, standing alone in her doorway, Rachel considered just letting it ring; talking on the phone was the last thing she was prepared to do. Today had been the day Frank left with the Footloose, and she wanted nothing more than to curl up in bed. Nevertheless, her sense of duty, and the thought that perhaps somewhere, someone was in trouble, caused her to pick up the ringing phone on her way upstairs.

"Yeah, Goldstein" she said, and reached the top of the landing.

"Rachel, you're home!"

Rachel Goldstein paused, unsure of what to say next. The voice on the line was one she thought she'd never hear again. "Frank?" she managed. "What are you...how...?"

Frank laughed on the other end of the line. "My mobile. Brought it with me; don't know why." he explained. "Won't be much good once I move out of range."

Upstairs in her bedroom, Rachel moved to sit on the bed, one leg curled up beneath the other. She was in shock at hearing his voice again so soon.

"You there?"

She blinked. "Yeah, sorry. I'm just..."

"Didn't think you'd hear from me so soon?" he joked, half heartedly.

"Actually yeah." she answered.

There was a slight pause on the line before Frank spoke again. "I couldn't leave without talking to you one last time." he moved the phone away from his mouth and coughed. "Without everyone else around." he added.

"Pretty busy back there." Rachel agreed, referring to the scene not long ago on the dock. The whole of the Water Police team had been there to say goodbye; they'd even escorted the Footloose out of the harbour. And all the while the only thing that she could think was 'I should be there.' But instead she was standing off to the side, watching Frank sail away and out of her life, possibly forever.

"I don't know why they did that." Frank said gruffly.

"Did what?"

"The boat thing." he answered, and cleared his voice. "That kind of thing only happens in the movies." he joked, and she could hear the distant blare of a fog horn.

"Ah yeah? What movie would that be?" Rachel asked.

"Ah you know the one." he began. "Boy meets girl, girl likes boy and they get on pretty well together."

Rachel smiled, and lowered her head, the phone cradled on her shoulder. "Don't think I've seen that one Frank."

"Ah well, they work together, so they don't reckon they can have a relationship outside the office. Along the way, things happen to both boy and girl, but they made it through. And then boy gets this stuffed up idea to go sailing off to Venezuela and more than anything else in the world, Boy wants Girl to come with him. But she doesn't. And Boy leaves her standing alone while he sails off into the sunset."

Rachel's hands were shaking and she bit her thumb nail, as she

searched for something to say. Outside a car door slammed shut.

"But the movie isn't over yet." Frank said suddenly.

Rachel found her voice, "what happens next?" she whispered.

"Well, out there on the water Boy reckons he's going to find himself you see, but he quickly realizes something, and this is something he'd known deep down, all along."

"And what's that?"

Frank's voice grew quiet, as he spoke into the receiver. "That boy can't live without Girl."

Rachel was holding on to the phone as if it was her lifeline, and in a way, it was. She was willing herself not to cry, and failing miserably, as she spoke once again. "Frank..."

"Rachel? Are you there? You're breaking up." he yelled.

She suddenly remembered he was still on his mobile. "Frank wait..."

"Rachel,...coming...soon...will..wait for me?" and then the line went dead.

Rachel could only sit and stare at a point along her wall. The only coherent thought she could form, was to curse the bloody mobile phone, and Frank, for his wonderfully lousy timing. Her heart was racing, but for the first time that day, Rachel smiled, a teary smile and put her own phone back on the table. She hadn't had the chance to answer him, but she was sure he already knew. Rachel had a feeling this wasn't the last she's heard from Frank Holloway. Besides, she was somewhat curious as to how this move of his was going to end.

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